looked upon it as an insult that one should speak to him of anyone else;
Maurice S. thinks he is seriously hooked.

Tuesday

This morning, work — or an attempt at work.

At two o'clock there came a certain Marinetti, editor o£ a review of artistic junk called *Poesia.* He is a fool, very rich and very self-satisfied,
who has never learned how to keep silent.

Wednesday

Luxembourg Gardens. Nine in the morning. Radiant weather. I wish I had brought a Ronsard. Stendhal seems less good to me than in the rain.

Gerard had come to pick me up at eight o'clock.

He would like me to get Ventura for him. As soon as we have taken tea we go out together. Time flies.

While he goes to sign up at the Law School, I wait for him on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens and savor this quarter of an hour of solitude, which will be, I fear, the best —indeed, the only good one — of my whole day.

Last night at *Les Venires dores.*[5] (I had spent the end of the day at the *Ermitage** with Ducote, Gourmont, Jacques Copeau, the very likable Verrier, and two unbearable youngsters, one of whom, named D., writes verse, knows Francis Jammes, and looks like a bath attendant.)

Though episodic, the play struck me as excellent, and intelligent from one end to the other. No softness, no trace of sentimentality or of what is called, alas, poetry. Amazing as this may seem, the last act is the best.

Again I take the greatest pleasure in writing, no matter how carelessly, in this notebook. Throughout my various occupations of the day I long to be alone with it.

I see Anthime Armand-Dubois with an enormous wen on his right eyebrow. Barailloul wears a black wig.[T]

[5] *Gilded BeUies,* by ^mile Fabre, a popular comedy, which opened at
ike Odeon in March 1905.

[6] I/Enratoge, founded in 1890 by Henri Mazel, took a new lease on life
in 1897 when Edouard Ducot& became editor. Until its demise in 1906, it was
a leading monthly review of symbolist flavor although its contributors (Gide,
Gourmont Copeau, Gh6on, Claudel, VieU-Grjffin, etc.) and illustrators (Mau-
rice Denis, J.-E. Blanche, etc.) considered themselves above literary coteries.

[7] These are both characters in Gide*s satiric novel *Les Caves du Vatican*
(Lafcadio's Adventures) > which was not to appear until 1914. In the finished
work Barailloul is spelt Baraglioul and Anthime's wen is on his neck.